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DREAMS OF LOVE

POEMS

By MRS. M. R. S. HOBBY

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These Poems

I dedicate to my dear friend

REY M. WOLF

For many acts of kindness and
Her noble gentle spirit

MINNIA ROTH SAMUELS HOBBY
The Author

"Nobility of character is a priceless jewel"
---M. R. S. H.

INTRODUCTION.

To My Friends and the Public.

During many sleepless nights, in my declining years: the gift of expressing my love of nature, and outpouring of a grateful heart came to me; and by putting my little Poems in the hands of my friends, I realize my fondest hopes.

Dreams of Love.

To love, and to be loved, is my hearts greatest desire. To do good, and to serve my friends, is my ambition; please bear with me, in my short comings. To give pleasure is my greatest aim.

Dreams of love, are true verses dedicated to loving friends, and dear ones who have passed to the great beyond.

—THE AUTHOR.

GOD IS LOVE.

When looking back through my past life,
I search and analyze every part.
And the greatest joy that I can find
Is: I love God with all my heart.

Since my earliest childhood days,
I loved and wanted to be loved.
To my parents, friends and relatives,
I gave my hearts truest love.

And when in young girlhood's rosiest days,
I was wooed, and won through love.
I lived such happy, precious days,
Each filled with Heavenly Love.

Each of my children, as they came to me
Filled my life with newborn love.
And, for all these blessings I received,
I praised the God of Love.

And, in after years of hardships and death,
I kept on loving and never despaired.
For I thank God, who still left dear ones to me
Whom I loved and for whom I cared.

And now, in my declining years,
I long for the Home Above.
But then I say, "How can I go
And leave the dear ones I love?"

The love of my friends is more precious to me
Than the richest gifts of gold.
And when the God of Love bids me come to him,
I leave treasures of love untold.

DREAMS OF LOVE

(Dedicated to the President of United States: The Honorable Woodrow Wilson.)

A Heartfelt Prayer for Peace.

Let us bend our knees in Prayer,
Let us heave a sigh of ease.
Let us praise our Heavenly Father,
For the glorious news of Peace.

Our hearts are beating grateful,
For every home that is filled with joy;
God bless every good kind mother,
Who has been praying for her boy.

Oh! God; bring comfort to those afflicted;
Whose loved ones sleep in a far off grave.
Let us help them, let us teach them;
To be patient, and to be brave.

God bless Our President, Woodrow Wilson,
Who has been untiring, staunch and true,
For his wisdom, and good judgment;
Our love and praise, are due.

Oh! God; watch over our Army and Navy,
"Our Boys", who fought for liberty and right;
Who shed their blood, to save Old Glory,
Who have at last won the fight.

God's blessing follow our skilled Physicians,
Who left their patients, homes and wives,
To heal the wounded, and ease their suffering,
And to help to save their precious lives.

Dear Father, bless that band of women,
The dear, kind nurses of the Red Cross;
Who gently nursed, the sick and dying,
Who! worked so nobly, for the cause.

"Now let us say, a solemn Prayer."
For our heroes, who are dead.
For their widows and their orphans,
So they never cry for bread.

GOD'S CREATION.

I love to see the sunshine,
Break through the deep blue sky
To fill the world with warmth and light,
And make our hearts feel bright.

I love to hear the Robins
Sing early in the morn,
And watch them fly, from the trees to the ground,
To pick up bugs and worms.

I love to see the flowers,
So fragrant and so sweet,
The modest little Violets,
And the Roses pink and red.

I love to sit in the twilight
To see the sun set in the west,
When the flowers close their petals,
And the birds hunt up their nests.

I love to see the silver moon.
And the stars so golden and bright.
As they twinkle through the window,
When I peep at them at night.

"ANGELS MESSAGE."

Angels whisper sweetest greetings,
When the stars shine bright at night,
When the hours are slowly fleeting,
I find my heart grow light and bright.

Angels whisper of the loved ones,
Who are dwelling high above,
Those who wait with longing for us,
To meet us in the home of love.

Angels spirits give us courage,
Give us patience, trust and bliss.
And in that heavenly soulful message,
We can feel thy spiritual kiss.

DREAMS OF LOVE

"SOON IT WILL BE WINTER."

Soon it will be winter time,
The leaves are beginning to turn.
And all that will be left for me to do,
Is to watch for the fire to burn.

Oh! I do love the good old summer time,
When the birds sing all day long,
But when it snows, I stay indoors,
And I feel like everything goes wrong.

Still there is something, I can do,
I can crochet, and sew and darn,
And I can knit some socks, for the soldier boys,
To keep them nice and warm.

So we must all be satisfied,
And not complain and whine,
For it cannot be summer all the time,
And the sun cannot always shine.

THE FACE IN THE MOON.

Last night I held a reception.
With the faces in the moon.
Oh! they seemed to me so life-like,
While I was looking at them alone.

First, it was the face of my Mother,
And then my darling boy;
And the face of my beautiful daughter,
Smiled at me in perfect joy.

While I held out my arms to them,
I wept out my heart's bitterest grief,
And they still kept smiling at me,
But my tears brought me relief.

My life has been full of sorrow,
Of dissapointments at its best,
But I hope my face will smile in the moon
When I am forever at rest.

—M. H.

THE SOLDIER'S PARTING.

I have come to say goodbye my love.
Kiss me once, before we part.
Say: farewell to me, God bless you.
While I fold you to my heart.

Why do you tremble so? my darling.
Wipe away that scalding tear.
Your Father was a Soldier.
He taught you, not to fear.

Be courageous little maiden.
Be cheerful and be brave.
Trust in God our Heavenly Father.
In His care, I will be safe.

It is duties call I answer.
To be just and do what is right.
To fight for our glorious country.
To protect the Stars and Stripes.

Give me your hand my hearts own treasure.
Promise to love me and be true.
When this strife for right is over.
I will bring Old Glory back to you.

Now go and comfort Mother.
Be kind to her while I am gone.
She just parted with her treasure.
Her boy, her only son.

DREAMS OF LOVE

THE ROSE SHE KISSED.

One balmy beautiful summer day.
When all the world seemed happy and gay.
I saw a maiden, so wonderously fair,
Sitting all alone, in a garden chair.

She had a bright, and most bewitching face.
Around her bare shoulders, she wore a flimsy lace.
Her hair was dark, her eyes were blue.
Her smiling lips, so tender and true.

I slowly walked up, with a cautious step.
And a red rose, I had plucked, I dropped in her lap.
She looked up at me, with a startled gaze,
And a scarlet blush, covered her fair, sweet face.

Oh! sir: she said, how you did scare me.
And she kissed the rose, and gave it back to me.
I bowed—but never a word did I say.
But the rose, she kissed, I carried away.

MY OWN LITTLE GRAND-CHILD.

Shut your eyes my little darling,
While you lay in Grandma's arms
She will pray while she holds you,
She will keep you nice and warm.

Oh. it's nice to have a Grandma,
One so dear and good, and true.
One who loves her little darling,
One who works and cares for you.

When you go to bed my darling,
When you say your evening prayers,
Say God bless my dearest Grandma,
Keep her well and happy for ever!

GREETIN ON YOUR 48th ANNIVERSARY.

This is the 48th Anniversary,
Of greater Memphis' greatest store,
I wish you many returns of the day,
And Anniversaries by the score.

To Mr. Goldsmith the head of the business,
I wish happiness and long life,
May he celebrate many Anniversaries,
With his Son's and his dear wife.

I am not a very good customer,
But I admire energy and pluck,
So I take the liberty
In wishing you good luck.

To the firm and all employee's,
I wish happiness and wealth,
And the best that I ca wish for all
Is long life and good health.

OUR SILVER WEDDING.

Years of pleasure and some of sororw,
Some of suffering and of tears,
Yet dear Father how we thank you
For these Five and Twenty years.

This is our silver wedding,
And our hearts are filled with gladness,
Our friends rejoicing with us,
Wish us health and happiness.

Let us turn our eyes to Heaven
And praise God for all His gifts,
Let's forget the clouds that passed us,
And our hearts to Him uplift.

MY SWEETHEART AND I.
(A Song.)

I long to see you, my darling so true,
I want to kiss your sweet lips;
Fold you to my heart, and never more part—
And kiss your darling sweet lips.

To see your dear eyes,so blue, and so wise—
Would change darkness to light.
To speak, of my love, to my snow white dove—
Will make me feel happy and bright.

The hours are so long, because, you are gone;
I miss your darling sweet voice.
Come back to me dear, and be ever near,
To make my poor heart rejoice.

My Sweetheart and I, will be one, by and by;
Oh! how happy we will be.
We'll need, only one chair, that will hold, just a pair,
That will be, you and me.

TO MY HUSBAND, A TRAVELING MAN.

Life is sweet and full of pleasure,
And I am as happy as can be,
My only drop of bitterness is
You cannot be home with me.

But you must not worry about me,
I will live on those hours of bliss,
When you held me in your loving arms
And I can still feel the warmth of your parting kiss.

I will think of you every hour
And pray for you every day,
I know your ever thought is for me,
And you work for me while your are away.

My mind is filled with beautiful thoughts,
I wish I could write them all for you.
But you know I love you with all my heart,
And I am forever faithful and true.

"Fancies."

I do not care to be handsome,
For I am old and grey-headed too,
But I do love to have pretty dresses
And hose and pretty shoes too.

I am not an invalid,
But I cannot walk very far,
So I sit on the front porch awaiting,
Until some friend comes along in a car.

I enjoy a spin on the Speedway.
And a drive through Overton Park,
My friends are mostly young folks,
And I am not too old for a lark.

My husband says, I am a treasure
The best and truest wife.
We have had many trials and pleasures,
In our happy married life.

I am a great lover of nature;
I love the flowers, the grass and trees,
I love God's creation,
The little birds, butterflys and bees.

I have many innocent pleasures,
I am not too old to work a little bit,
And I have just one little grandchild,
Whom I teach to sew and knit.

PATIENCE.

Be patient, faithful and true,
Love thy neighbor as God bids you to do,
Be patient and kind to young and old,
Let your heart be ever as pure as gold.

Be patient in sickness,
In sorrow and in pain,
Be patient, God helps you,
You never ask Him in vain.

TO MY DEAR LOUISE.

A friend in need is a friend indeed,
And such you have been to us,
My husband and I both love you, dear,
You are our sweet dear Louise.

Some years ago, when we first met
You bound a spell around me,
And I love you now as I loved you then,
My dear sweet Louise.

There comes a time when we must part,
And we will not hear each other's voice,
But my love, my dear, will ever be yours,
And my prayer: God bless you, Louise.

MY DREAM.

Oh, Minnie, last night, I dreamed about you,
The funiest dream you ever heard,
You and I were laughing and sewing,
Some buttons on a silver grey skirt.

I can't remember the time, my dear.
When I was as happy and gay,
As I was when in my dreams with you,
Laughing the hours away.

Oh, Minnie! I could keep on writing,
But you know my arm gets sore.
If I want to tell how dear you are to me,
I would have to write forever more.
—YOUR FRIEND.

WE ARE NEVER SATISFIED.

Why are we never satisfied?
We are either too hot or too cold.
In the Winter we are looking for summer to come,
And in the Summer, we wish to be cold.

Even the Stork, that busy wonderful bird,
Who, fills the homes with joy.
He makes a mistake by bringing a girl,
Where the folks were looking for a boy.

The Snow, the beautiful Snow, so white.
How pleasant it is to the eye.
But the poor, who have no coal to burn.
They shiver and say, Oh! My!

So it is through life, every single day.
Brings some disappointment to light.
But if we take it in a sensible way.
We will be happy, cheerful and bright.

THE NORTH WIND BLOWS.

It looks bleak outside.
And the North wind blows cold.
It makes me feel dreary.
And it makes me feel old.

I love the bright sunshine.
The flowers and the bees.
The grass and the birds.
And the leaves on the trees.

The days are getting shorter.
And the nights seem so long.
And the wind is just howling.
Like a gloomy old song.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

My dear sweet friend, to whom I write these lines,
Is a friend so tender and true,
And I know your friendship is as precious to me,
As mine, dearest friend, is to you.

Our sons who worked to gether,
Ere you and I did meet,
They loved each other like brothers,
But my poor darling boy is dead.

You always were so sweet and kind to him,
And you brought him such beautiful flowers,
Whenever you came to see him, my boy,
He spent such happy hours.

Ma Loyd, I shall always be grateful to you,
For I love you with all my heart,
And I know our friendship will be lasting,
Until God, us forever part.

LOVE AND TRUST.

This world is full of sunshine,
If we only look at it that way,
Life is what we make it,
May yours be happy and gay.

Do not frown at the clouds when they pass,
Think only of the bright lining inside,
And when you feel blue and discouraged,
Laugh loud and say I am all right.

The Lord, who is your Shepherd,
He watches all His sheep,
And He is always near you,
While you're waking and when you sleep.

THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

Just one year ago today.
You were happy Bride and Groom,
And today you are celebrating
In your new sweet bungalow home.

My dear children, Jack and Tina,
This is your first birthday of wedded life,
May you live many, many more years
As loving husband and wife.

I wish you great prosperity
And God give you joy and wealth,
But of all the good things, I wish for you most:
Is Love, Happiness and Good Health.

And remember life is not all sunshine,
Sometimes little clouds appear,
Then take each other by the hand,
And kiss away each other's little tears.

A LITTLE WEDDING PRESENT.

Dear sweet Evelyn,
Here is a little gift for you,
Because you were so nice to my poor boy,
And I know he liked you, too.

It is only a little remembrance,
But with every single stitch,
While I was crocheting it,
I made a loving wish.

God bless you, dear sweet Evelyn,
With a long and happy life,
May you be to the one who loves you best,
A faithful loving wife.

DREAMS OF LOVE

To my friends Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Graves of Memphis, Tenn.
In loving memory of their brother Henry, a sailor on
the U. S. S. Ticonderoga, who lost his life doing
his duty for his country. In our war
with Germany.

His body went down, with his noble ship.
But his soul soared up on high.
His grave is in the deep blue sea.
His home, is beyond the sky.

When duty called him he answered.
Courageous, willing and brave.
When the voice of his master called him.
He went down to a heroe's grave.

I know your hearts are bleeding.
Your wound is sore and deep.
But dear Henry is in his Savior's arms.
Sweetly—Asleep.

Though you can never hear his loving voice.
On earth, you'll meet no more.
He will be waiting, at the gates ajar.
To meet you, on that beautiful shore.

RESIGNATION.

I know while you have been sick so long
You often get discouraged and blue,
But dear Henrietta; there are so many others,
Who are not blessed as much as you.

You have a kind and loving husband,
And a sister so patient and true,
You have everything to give you comfort,
And friends who come to visit you.

It is God who sends us afflictions,
To see how much we can bear,
And when He finds us good and patient,
His help is ever near.

So when at night you say your prayers
And your children kiss you, good-night,
You must say, Oh God! give me patience,
Whatsoever, You do, is right.

ALONE.

Oh my; this is a gloomy Sunday.
And I have been as lonely as I can be,
I surely have missed you, my darling,
I wish you were here with me.

Every other day, but Sundays,
I work the hours away,
But being so cold, and no sunshine,
In the house by the fire, I stay.

But soon it will be night and bedtime,
When I go to sleep and dream of you,
For you are all the world to me,
And I am the same my love to you.

I hope you have been more successful,
In whiling the time away,
But I am sure you have been wishing for me,
Your darling wife, so far away.

MOTHER'S DAY, DEAREST MOTHER.

My dear Son! God bless him,
Is wearing a red carnation for me,
And I hold a pure white blossom
In my hand, to remember thee.

Oh how sacred is the feeling
Of precious Mother love,
For the Mother, who is living,
And for the one, who dwells above.

My heart is full of emotion
When I think of my Mother's face
And when I look into my Son's dear eyes,
I know, I hold the same loving place.

Mother's day comes once every year,
To wear flowers white and red,
But I think of my Mother every day
And every hour, until I am dead.

"MY BIRTHDAY."

Oh how beautiful is the sunshine
On this, the first of May:
I ought to be real happy
For this is my birthday.

I have had many happy birthdays,
And some filled with grief and tears,
I have tried to be good and kind to all,
In all these bygone years,

Ought I to wish for more birthdays?
When I am suffering every day?
Yes, for my dear ones will miss me
If God would take me away.

So I ask God to hear my prayer
To bless my children and husband so dear,
And to be a pleasure and comfort to them,
I hope I will stay a little while here.

"WHY DO I FEAR?"

Why does my heart feel so oppressed and heavy
At an approaching thunderstorm?
My faith and trust in oGd is implicit.
In every shape and form.

I believe in the teachings of the Bible,
I daily read the twenty-third Psalm,
I know the Lord is my Shepherd,
I ought to feel easy and calm.

I am ever ready to answer Thy summons,
I am not afraid to die;
Yet I fear the stormclouds and lightning,
Why am I afraid, tell me why.

Oh kind merciful Father,
Teach me to be courageous and brave,
I do not want to seem a coward,
I know in your loving care, I am safe.

"LIFE."

Life holds many pleasures,
But there is bitter with the sweet;
Yet there is no path so rugged,
But it bears the print of feet.

Life is what we make it,
So let us be cheerful and bright,
And if clouds appear to mar it,
We must look for the silver lining inside.

God made us in His image.
And gave us this glorious world.
To enjoy it and be grateful.
And to keep his commandments as told.

We must be honest and trustful.
And love our neighbors as ourselves,
And we must ever be ready,
To help those who can't help themselves.

"BIRTHDAY GREETING TO MY SON MILTON."

Dear Milton, this is your birthday.
I wish you much happiness and joy,
And many, yes many more birthdays,
My darling, my precious boy.

You are thirty-three years old today.
It seems like a good many years,
I have had pleasure in abundance,
And I have shed many bitter tears.

But you, my darling Milton,
Have been a precious gift to me,
Since the day they layed you in my arms,
A baby as small as could be.

You have always been obedient,
Loving, sweet and true;
And I never had one unhappy day,
That was caused, my son, by you.

You have been my precious idol,
My beloved, first born son;
And I say to you, "God bless you,
My darling, my Milton, my Son."

MY DEAR BESSIE.

I have a friend, a dear kind girl,
Her name you could not guess,
She is tall and fair and has pretty blonde hair,
So I call her my blue-eyed Bess.

When I saw her one beautiful summer day,
She wore such a becoming blue dress,
And she looked so winsome and so fair,
My sweet dear girl, my Bess.

She has been so good and kind to me,
This loving blue-eyed Lass.
And I love her, my bonny darling girl,
God bless her, my dear, kind Bess.

MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

I will love my love,
And he'll love me,
Together we will happy be,
This coming year,
And more to come,
And then we'll try to still add some.

MY FATHER SO DEAR.

I often wonder! why the poets
Never write of Father's cheer?
I am sure of all noble beings,
I admired and loved my Father so dear.

Who is it? who! from early morn
Until sundown works with cheer,
Who gives us food and all we wear?
Our patient, faithful Father dear.

Who! taught us to be brave and honest,
To tell the truth, and no man fear,
To do our duty and do it cheerful?
None other than our Father dear.

THE HUNGRY LITTLE BIRDS.

Oh my! but I feel lonesome,
The house seems forsaken and dead,
And the only thing making me happy,
Is to feed the birds with crumbs of bread.

Oh Janice, I wish you was here with me,
To see how they hop and pick.
They eat and carry a mouthful away,
And then come back to pick, pick, pick.

I think they are the Mother birds.
Who take the crumbs to the trees.
To feed their little baby birds.
Their tiny little "wee, wees."

God who made us, and the little birds.
He sees that they have food.
He gives us all we eat, and drink.
So we must be kind and good.

"IT IS DARKEST JUST BEFORE DAWN."

When you feel like you are forsaken
And all hope and trust is gone—
Just remember the true old saying,
"It is Darkest just before Dawn."

When your heart is almost breaking,
And you feel homeless and forlorn,
Summon up your courage and bear it,
The darkest hour is just before dawn.

When you are sick, sad and suffering,
And the night seems, Oh! so long;
Fold your hands in earnest prayer,
You will find peace and sleep before dawn.

CONSOLATION TO MY FRIEND.

When the hours seem long and dreary
And your heart is heavy and sad,
Look up to God, who is near you,
And say, Oh! I am glad.

I am glad I have my Mother
To help and comfort me,
And I have also faith and courage,
And my Shepherd watches me.

I am brave and fight my battle,
And to God I daily pray
That I may forget my sorrow
By working every day.

MY DAUGHTER'S BIRTHDAY.

Twenty-four years ago today;
The stork brought me a little girl.
A little daughter all my own.
As precious as a pure white pearl.

She was as sweet, as an opening blossom.
She was so tiny, and so fair.
Her eyes, were like dark blue pansies.
She had ringlets of golden brown hair.

She was the idol of our household.
She was so loving, sweet and kind.
A better, dearer, baby girl.
No one could ever find.

Seven years, she stayed with us.
Then God, took her to his home.
There she is singing with the Angels now.
Waiting for mother to come.

Thus I think of my baby today.
Though now she would be twenty-four years old.
What she was to me, and what she might have been.
Until, my heart grows chilly and cold.

I AM MY MOTHER'S DARLING.

I am my Mother's darling.
I am a fine little boy.
My parents, think I am a treasure.
And I hope to be to them forever a joy.

I am only a little fellow just now.
But I will be big some day.
So I can repay my little mother.
In a most substantial way.

I hope God, will make me strong and healthy.
So my mother, my precious one.
Can point at me with pleasure.
And say proudly, this is my first born son.

THE BOYS ARE READY.

Get ready boys to take a hand,
To go to the front a faithful band,
To fight for our country, our free proud land,
To wade through seas and march through sand.

Fond Mothers who raised sturdy sons,
Be brave and give your hopeful ones,
Sisters, Sweethearts and loving Wives,
Must part with those who give their lives.

Our Uncle Sam took ample time,
Before he called his men in line,
But all are ready to answer the call,
Brothers, Sweethearts, one and all.

It is sad, but right, must ever be right,
And to protect our flag we must fight,
So put on the knap-sack and shoulder the gun,
Be up and start out with the rising sun.

"FOR JUSTICE AND RIGHT."

I am a poor afflicted old lady,
I was born three score years and more,
I am not able to help our Sammies,
And it makes me mighty sore.

My grandfather was a French General,
Who fought with Napoleon, through his strifes,
But my sons are born Americans,
And I am forever for the Stars and Stripes.

I have no animosity towards any man,
But I am for Justice and Right;
And if I was a man, I'd join the Army,
And to France I would go and fight.

My motto is the old true one,
"Do unto others, as you wish them to do to you,"
And I glory in Freedom and Justice,
In Brotherhood, Love and Truth.

MY DEAR OLD HOME.

I left my dear old home.
In Eighteen Seventy-One,
And though it seems a very long time,
I still remember, that home.

I remember all my schoolmates.
My teacher, and my friends.
When they came to say goodbye to me.
And shake my trembling hands.

I remember the beautiful river.
Which circled half around the town.
The park, where the girls and boys.
Took a walk, to see the sun go down.

I remember too, my parents' graves,
Where they lay and sleep in peace.
And the house where I lived as a child.
Surrounded by Linden trees.

Oh! how I would love to be a child again.
Just for one single day.
To be held in my Mother's arms once more.
Ere they lay me forever away.

A TOKEN OF LOVE TO ONE I LOVE.

Dear sweet Docia! do you ever think of me
Or do you think I have forgotten, how dear you were to me.

I made you a little token just to remember me,
And to let you know, I still love you and you are still dear to me.

I wish that I could see you, in your sweet new home,
I have so much to tell you, don't you wish that we could phone?

Dear Docia, I am well and happy, as happy as I can be
Without my precious darling, who is waiting for me.

I hope you will accept my little token, I made for you,
For every stitch that is in it, holds a wish so fond and true.

My dearest wish, dear Docia, is—that you are a happy wife,
And your path is strewn with flowers, all the days of your life.

TO ONE MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

Today is the day when my mind goes back,
To this time three years past,
When you held the hand of my dying boy,
And stayed with him to the last.

How could I ever forget that night,
The anguish, the bitter pain,
To see my Darling Son, so sweet and good,
Go away and neever come back again.

Then again it is you, my dear kind friend,
His employer, so noble and so true,
Oh, what would I have done, and my poor boy, too,
If we did not have a friend like you?

I love you, dear friend, with all my heart,
For such you proved to be,
And I pray God to bless you all your life,
For your nobility and kindness to me.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

My dear kind husband, once more you are going awey,
I will miss you so, my darling, every hour in the day.

But I am grateful to our Father who made you well again and strong,
And I will be thinking of you fondly, and pray for you while you're gone.

I hope you are successful, you are so ambitious and brave,
And your faith in God in boundless, and in His care you are safe.

So goodbye, my precious Husband, may God guide your every step,
I will write you loving letters until you are coming back.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is a wonderful tie,
If honest, noble and true,
And such a friend, my dearest Rey,
I have found in you.

When sad misfortune knocked at my door,
You gave your helping hand so noble and true,
And the only way, I can ever repay you, Dear
Is through my love and devotion for you.

I hope that God will bless you,
With happiness and good health,
And your every wish, my dearest Rey,
Be gratified and fulfilled.

"BIRTHDAY GREETINGS" TO AUDIE.

Audie, this is your birthday,
Just one day after mine,
To wish you many returns of the day,
I write this birthday rhyme.

God bless you dearest Audie,
You are so sweet and good and true;
How can I find wishes good enough,
To write, or say to you.

You have been so faithful and tender,
You have given me much comfort and joy;
You could not do more for me,
If you were my son, my own dear boy.

Let me wish you many more happy birthdays,
Filled with sunshine and with light;
May you never have a sorrowful day,
May your life be happy and bright.

"BIRTHDAY GREETINGS FOR MY LITTLE FRIEND."

My name is Ma Je LeRoy.
I am just six years old;
I am my parents only little treasure.
And they love me more than diamonds or gold.

I asked you, my friends, to come to me,
To have a jolly good time today,
For this is not only my birthday
But it is also St. Patrick's Day.

I bid you all a hearty welcome,
Each girl and boy in my Sunday School class;
I want you to be merry and happy
Every lad and each sweet little lass.

So let us be sociable and happy,
Let our hearts be filled with joy,
And when you come, if God spares us, to my party next year
I hope I will be a fine big boy.

"A BIRTHDAY WISH TO DEAR LITTLE NELL."

This is your very first birthday,
My dear little sweet Nellie B.,
And I hope you will be happy today,
As happy as you can possibly be.

Only just one year ago,
You were a tiny little baby.
And now you can walk.
And you can talk, you are most a lady.

I know you are your dear father's treasure,
And your darling mother's precious girl,
And your aunties' and uncles' toodles,
And your grandma's own little girl.

God bless you darling Nellie B.
With health and all good things.
And I hope you will be a blessing.
To your parents, relatives and friends.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.
(The Soldier's Prayer.)

The Lord is my Shepherd I shall not want.
Though strife and war is close at hand.
No matter how great the burdens will be.
I'll find green pastures close to me.

If tired and weary I shall be.
By still waters thou leadest me.
Na matter how fierce the battle will be.
In thy righteous path thou leadest me.

While charging on the enemy,
I fear not death, thou are with me.
In thy rod and staff's protecting care,
I am brave, I am safe, I am without fear.

While marching on, bullets buzz,
Thy goodness and mercy follows us.
And if perhaps my life I give,
In the house of the Lord, I shall forever live.

GOD OF ISRAEL.

Hear us, oh God of Israel!
Hear our supplication.
Oh, help to end this dreadful war.
Send peace to all the nations.

Help us, Oh God of Israel:
Make us brave and true.
Fill our hearts with fortitude.
We look for strength to you.

Kind Father God of Israel.
Spare our Soldiers' lives.
Comfort the Mothers aching hearts.
And the faithful loving Wives.

Though gracious God of Israel.
For help, we come to thee.
Look down, in mercy on us all.
Oh! help us, we ask thee.

"MY MORNING PRAYER."

When I wake in the early morning.
I rise and earnestly pray.
Oh God! forgive me my shortcomings.
And keep me pure today!

Every day brings us new trials,
Every hour some joy and care;
But if we are faithful in our duty,
Our Father's help is always near.

When we sincerely ask Him,
To help us to be good and true.
All our troubles will seem light ones.
He will safely guide us through.

"BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO ALVIN JULIUS."

Darling Alvin Julius,
You are four years old today.
I wish you much joy and happiness.
And many returns of the day.

I know we will have a jolly old time,
Eating your birthday cake,
For all those who love you best,
Came for your dear sweet sake.

So let us all join in wishing you,
Happiness, long life and health.
A life full of sunshine,
Success, love and wealth.

THE STORK'S VISIT.

The Stork brought a little sister.
To sweet little Dorothy.
And to Mamma Sanford another daughter.
And she is as happy, as she can be.

What is the matter with Pape Sanford?
His head seems all in a whirl.
I am sure, I do not wonder;
He is the daddy of another little girl.

The dear kind Grandma.
So sweet, so tender and true.
Last week she had only one little grandaughter.
Today, God bless her, she has two.

So dear kind neighbors,
I wish you happiness and long life.
To the grandmothers, and the children.
And the husband and the wife.

THE STENOGRAPHER.

The Stenographer has a pretty hard time.
She toils, from morning until night.
But no matter, how hard she tries.
She never does anything right.

She works every day sick or well.
She has no time to complain.
At noon, she goes out to take her lunch.
Then comes back and starts over again.

Her Boss, who has troubles of his own.
He is cross, and sour sometime.
She takes his dictation, with a sweet smile.
To make a mistake, is a crime.

Life holds, few pleasures for her, poor girl:
Yet she is cheerful, while she works all day.
All would be well, with this hard working girl.
If she only got a little more pay.

GONE HOME.

It is just one year since her soul took flight,
To take her place in that Mansion Home,
Where she is wearing a crown of glory,
Waiting for her loved ones to come.

She was worshipped like a queen in her house-hold,
She was so kind and so full of grace,
There could never be such another,
Who could fill her vacant place.

Her kind and noble husband,
Misses his help mate, his precious wife,
And her children their idolized Mother,
Who lived a pure and christian life.

I never met this kind lady, but once,
But that memory lingers still in my mind,
For she greeted me so graciously,
As she spoke to me so sweet and kind.

She suffered much, but bore it with patience,
And now she is with the angels at rest,
And those who could not wish her back again,
Are the ones who loved her best.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY SON.

Three years, but it seems much longer.
Since they carried you away.
I have missed you so much my darling.
And will miss you more and more every day,

Life has never been just the same to me.
Since you left me, my precious boy.
For you were always, so loving and kind to me.
So mischievous, and so full of joy.

I will always remember, one day my boy.
When you took me, on your knee.
And while you kissed me, so fondly, my darling:
You said, these sweet little words to me.

"Kiss me Mother, kiss me Darling."
"Kiss me fondly, kiss me long."
"For you will miss these good old kisses.
"When your darling boy, is gone."

Yes, you are gone, but not forgotten.
You are now, in our Father's care.
Waiting for your Darling Mother.
Some day, to meet you, over there.

I AM WAITING MY FATHER FOR YOU.

I am so tired and weary,
And my heart is filled with woe.
I have been so brave and patient,
But I am longing Dear Father for you.

I am looking for rest dear Father,
I've been faithful and Oh, so true,
But life holds no hope, no future,
I'm waiting kind Father for you.

It has ever been thus since my childhood,
I saw my fondest hopes fall through,
But my faith in you has never left me,
I will find love and rest with you.

TO A POET.

I love to read your poems.
They touch my very heart.
Your loved words seem much sweeter.
They make me glad and sad.

I love to read your verses.
They sound so good and true.
Oh! how I wish I knew you.
My soul claims kin with you.

I am not a lovesick maiden.
I am past three score years and two.
But my heart still feels a longing.
For all things good and true.

MY HUSBAND IS WAITING FOR ME.

It is scarcely one year; Oh! how long it seems.
Since I bid my Darling God speed.
He left me, with loving words and a kiss.
Then they brought him home to me dead.

We loved each other so fondly and true.
My precious Husband and I.
He was so kind, thoughtful and tender.
Oh why! Oh why! did he die.

I have asked, this question so often.
Yet the answer is always the same.
It was God, that took him, to his beautiful home.
I must be contented and not complain.

My heart is almost broken.
Yet I am brave, and my patience is great.
For I know, my Joe is waiting for me.
To meet me at the Heavenly Gate.

OUR SISTER.

Angel's whisper sweetest greetings.
To us from our sister Rose.
Who is peacefully sleeping.
And whose Soul is in repose.

Though of late, you were not with us.
We did love and think of you,
Early when the sunshine wakes us.
And when the moon shines on the dew.

Yes, we know you are dwelling,
In that Home, where we have been told.
That the streets, are paved with Diamonds,
And the gates are shining Gold.

Farewell, beloved Sister.
We still weep and mourn for you.
But we hope to meet you Darling.
When we need never part from you.

IN KIND REMEMBRANCE OF A STRANGER.

Friendless without a home and forsaken.
Oh! how sad it is, thus to die.
Without a loving hand to help him.
Nor a kind voice, to say gently goodbye.

A poor old man, aged just fifty.
Who had neither friend or home.
Passed away, at the General hospital.
A forsaken wanderer, all alone.

The Lord, who is our Shepherd.
He prepares a home for us all.
No sorrow nor want can touch one.
Who has answered the Master's call.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF A HUSBAND.

We loved each other like Sweethearts.
My darling Ed and I.
Until God took him away from me.
And I had to bid him goodbye.

We loved each other so fondly.
My darling husband and I.
God knows what is best for us.
Though, we can not always tell why.

By being brave and patient.
I know I can serve him best.
Though my heart is almost breaking
I am glad he is at rest.

He found a home, in our Father's Mansion.
I shall meet him there, bye and bye.
Then we shall never have to part again.
My darling Ed and I.

TO A GIRLHOOD FRIEND.

When I think of the past.
Of old friends so true.
And my girlhood days.
Then I think of you.

Then I wish dear friend.
I could speak to you.
Look into your sweet eyes.
So kind and true.

But I fear dear friend.
We shall meet no more.
Until we meet each other.
On that beautiful shore.

DREAMS OF LOVE

A SONG OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

Let us fold our hands in prayer.
Let us sing a song of love,
Let us thank our Heavenly Father
Who sits on the Throne above.

For all the blessed sunshine,
For His glorious gifts of love,
Let us praise the name of our Father
Who sits on the Throne above.

Let us be ever true and faithful
To the work we do with love,
These are the teachings of our Father,
Who sees us from His Throne above.

MOTHER DEAR.

The day is another anniversary.
It is just forty-seven years.
Since you left me, my darling Mother.
And my eyes, are filled with tears.

There is no love, so great and tender.
As a Mother's, nor half so true.
In all the years, you have been gone from me.
I have been weeping and longing for you.

When my life, was filled with pleasure.
I wanted to share it with you.
When misfortune overtook me.
I longed, and wished for you.

I have tried to follow your example.
To be a faithful Mother and Wife.
And the prayers you taught me, on your knees.
I have been saying all my life.

The years are passing, one by one.
I am getting feeble and old of late.
But I hope, when I am going home to God.
You will be at the Golden Gate.

MY FIRST BORN BOY.

Lifes eems so bright and glorious.
And my heart is full of joy.
For I am the proud and happy Mother.
Of a darling baby boy.

Oh! how I thank my Heavenly Father.
For this gift, he gave to me.
And I hope my sweet and darling boy.
Will be a blessing to his Father and to me.

TO MY SWEET EVA.

Oh, Eva, your short little visit.
Was such a happy surprise.
To see your sweet face, and hear your dear voice.
And to read the love light in your eyes.

I asked myself and wondered.
If you had forgotten me?
But the answer comes back like a wire.
Oh no: I still love thee.

I wish we could meet more often.
In fact never would we have to part.
For you see, you give me such pleasure.
You are so dear to my heart.

Sometimes, I get real lonesome.
Then I feel so sad and blue.
And when I think of the friends that love me
Then I think, sweet Eva, of you.

TO YVETTE.

All birthday greetings
Are written in rhyme,
So I want to make my good wishes
I little different this time.

I wish you long life and a happy life,
And a life filled with bliss;
And with all these birthday wishes,
I send you a little token and a kiss.

"REMEMBER ME."

I hope when my life's journey is over,
Ere I am forever layed away,
There will be some one weeping for me
And some one who will kindly say.

She was a friend where one was needed,
She was a mother fond and true,
She was ever faithful in her duty
To her husband, devoted and true.

She was a loving obedient daughter,
To her parents who are dwelling on High,
And who are waiting with her children to meet her
In that beautiful home beyond the sky.

When my hands lay folded and idle
And I cannot use my pen any more,
I know I will be fondly remembered
By those who love me now and forevermore.

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